

Book One in the Royals series: Reign Of Beauty

by XxMoonlitShadowxX

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Summary: There has been a whirlwind of change for Hermione when her memories are restored and she finds that she's the Death Eater Princess and that not only the Malfoys but Lord Voldemort are part of her extensive family. She's overjoyed to be reunited with them and even gets introduced to her fiance Viktor Krum. But as the war rages, will she and Viktor be able to hold it together?

Book One in the Royals series: Reign Of Beauty

Reign of Beauty Chapter 1

Princess Hermione St. Pierre stood at the window in her room at the manor thinking about everything that had happened within the last six months.

During a Death Eater raid on the Order in her sixth year she had been discovered to be the long lost daughter of King Oliver St. Pierre of Switzerland.

As soon as she was discovered, she was whisked off to the Malfoy Manor where she was told the truth about her pureblood heritage.

She never was meant to be Hermione Granger the Gryffindor.

Her memories had been obliterated when she was a small child by her real parents when they were forced into leaving with her with muggle parents when the war started to intensify.

As soon as her father saw her he had restored her memories and vowed that she would never be abandoned by her real family ever again.

It had been an emotional reunion at the manor as she met her parents, Oliver and Kittibelle and her best friends Draco Malfoy and his twin sister Mariette.

Draco and Mariette confessed to her that the only reason they acted like they hated her at Hogwarts was because they had to make the situation believable in order to keep her safe.

Hermione was overjoyed to have them all back in her life and cried tears of happiness when Narcissa and Lucius Malfoy told her that they were her Godparents.

Bellatrix explained to her that she and Tom Riddle were her aunt and uncle and that their twins Morgana and Kane were her cousins.

Having her real family and friends back in her life brought a sense of love and peace to her that Harry and her Gryffindor friends had never given her.

So when it came time for her to return to Hogwarts after spring break, she decided to take her parents advice and finished out the year at the manor with a private tutor.

During her lessons she learned a lot about the Dark Arts and her place in pureblood society.

Draco and Mariette were amazing when it came time for her to relearn everything about how to be a princess.

And now as she stood at window gazing out at the vast gardens, she smiled one of her first true smiles in years.

Smoothing a hand down her dark green ball gown, she was startled when the door to her room burst open and her two best friends and cousins walked in with big smiles.

"Mione! You look absolutely stunning!" Mariette said as she threw her arms around her shoulders and hugged her hard.

Draco's twin was no doubt her biggest competition when it came to beauty.

Her long platinum blonde hair and pale skin shimmered in the light of the chandelier that glowed above them and her piercing grey eyes that were identical to her brothers sparkled as she gave Hermione's ball gown a once over before stepping back and letting Draco take her into his arms.

"Yes Mione, you look gorgeous! Your match won't know what hit him." Draco said with his voice laced with excitement.

"Thank you loves. I do hope you're right. My nerves have been eating me alive all day." She replied as they all gave her understanding nods.

Her cousin Kane stepped forward and gently brushed a piece of her long brown hair behind her ear as she sighed and leaned into his touch.

"You'll do just fine, Hermione. And if you get too nervous and feel like you're losing control, then father has given me permission to use a calming spell on you." He said with a gentle smile.

Her cousin towered over her as she nodded and placed a kiss on his cheek.

"Thank you cousin. That would be lovely. It was very kind of uncle to allow you to aid me in getting through the night." She said quietly as he took her hand in his and gave it a reassuring squeeze.

"You know we'll be right by your side the whole night. There's nothing to fear. I dare say I think you'll enjoy it."

Her cousin Morgana said with a knowing look.

Damn her for being able to see the future. Hermione thought knowing that she probably had already seen how the entire evening was going to go.

It was then that her mother appeared and came into the room holding an enchanted box that had magical snakes slithering all around its edges.

"Hermione darling, your guests have arrived. It's time for you to make your grand entrance." Her mother said as she placed Hermione's tiara on her head.

Hermione turned and looked into the mirror as she admired her appearance.

The tiara sat on top of her long brown hair that was straight and now hung down at her waist and her pale skin looked ravishing in the dark green ball gown.

The dress had a beaded corset top with a sweetheart neckline and a full silky skirt.

She couldn't help but think back to when she was Hermione Granger the ugly Gryffindor know it all.

Now she was the majestic Death Eater Princess who stood tall and proud with a confident smile adorning her red lips.

Tonight was the night that every pureblood witch waited their entire lives for.

Tonight she would be matched with a pureblood wizard who she would marry and love for all of eternity.

Her magic danced through the air as she thought about who her wizard might be.

She would be the very first pureblood witch to be matched this season and she intended to make it the best night ever.

It was amazing how easily she had adjusted to the life as a princess and she had everyone in this room to thank for it.

So when she turned around and faced all of them she bowed deeply making tears form in their eyes.

She was taught that she should never bow to anyone because as princess, there was no one above her.

But tonight she bowed before her friends in a display of total relinquish of her power.

Her friend and family meant the world to her and she knew that she never would've made it this far without them.

"Come on Mione. Let's go find your prince charming, yeah?" Draco choked out as he desperately tried to will his tears away.

His best friend was beautiful and he'd be lying if he said that he hadn't thought about asking for her hand in marriage himself.

But as she took his arm and he led her down the stairs, he knew that the wizard that she was marrying was definitely a better match for her.

He knew of the wizard as did most of the pureblood children.

His families reputation was revered all over the wizarding world and a small smile played on his lips when he led her into the ballroom and her wizard's eyes immediately found hers.

Hermione let out a gasp as a tall, solidly built wizard approached her. His head was shaved in a military style and his eyes perused her silk clad form with a look of hunger and want.

He bowed stiffly and offered her his hand.

"Princess Hermione, my name is Viktor Krum and you are going to be mine." He said making a shiver go down her spine.

Her magic tingled on her skin as she placed her small hand in his large, calloused one.

She saw that he was dressed in a Drumstrang uniform and Headmaster Karkaroff stood behind him with a proud smile.

"I am pleased to meet you Mr. Krum. I look forward to getting to know you better." Hermione said as her voice turned breathy and light.

Her wizard was a sight to see and she was drinking in every inch of him.

Her body responded quickly to her wizard making her panties damp with evidence of her arousal.

Her father then stepped forward and clapped his hand down onto Viktor's shoulder.

The air suddenly shifted as her father's power was put on display.

"Daughter I do believe it is time for you to join your mother for dinner. Mr. Krum and I have lots to discuss." He said as he gestured to a table that her mother, Mariette, Morgana, Bellatrix, Narcissa and several other pureblood witches and their children sat.

Hermione gave one last smile to her wizard before making her way over

to where the witches were waiting to pounce on her for information about her wizard.

Mariette and Morgana threw their arms around her shoulders and squeezed the life out of her making her give a yelp at the lack of oxygen.

"Mione tell us EVERYTHING! What's he like? What did he say? Do you fancy him? Merlin he's handsome." Mariette babbled before her mother sent her a look clearly telling her not to continue.

Narcissa smiled happily and patted Hermione's hand.

"Now, now children. I'm sure that the Princess will tell you everything later tonight. Right now your uncle is going to say a few words."

She chastised as Hermione took her seat and turned her attention to where Uncle Voldemort and her father along with Krum and the rest of her uncle's formal guard stood in the center of the dance floor drawing everyone's attention away from their conversations as they became completely entranced at the sight of the heroic soldiers.

"Good evening my loyal followers and dear family. Let me first start off by congratulating my precious niece and Viktor on their successful match. I am so proud of both of you and I look forward to witnessing the joys of your future together. After all little dove, you always were my favorite." He said as his eyes found Hermione's.

Hermione smiled at his use of her nickname that he had called her ever since she was a little girl.

She felt eyes boring into her skull and turned seeing that Morgana was giving her a playful scowl.

It was no secret that her uncle always had believed that great things were in store for her.

There was a healthy rivalry between her and the other death eater children as to who would be her uncle's favorite.

And right now Hermione had bested them all as she stuck her tongue out at her cousin who rolled her eyes before they turned back to where her uncle was going over the latest events from the war.

"And it is my utmost pleasure to inform you that we have successfully killed off several order members. And as you may have heard, the great Headmaster at Hogwarts has fallen. Let us raise our glasses in a toast in honor of Severus and Draco who have managed to do what was once thought to be impossible." He said as everyone raised their glasses and clinked them together.

Hermione glanced over at Severus who looked completely bored and unimpressed with the toast and then over at Draco who shone with pride.

At one point in her life she had thought that Dumbledore was the greatest wizard of all time.

But it was recently when her father and uncle sat her down and explained to her the truth about the old wizard that she finally understood how blessed she was to be able to be on the right side of the war.

There was a time when her uncle and the rest of her wonderful family had seemed like enemies to her, but when she got her memories restored she had learned that they were anything but.

She was thankful to once again witness how kind and gentle her uncle was and how everyone only wanted the best for her.

She was broken out of her thoughts when her uncle continued to speak but with a tone that she recognized as his powerful voice that he often used when giving out orders to his soldiers.

"On another note, those who are of age and who have not received their mark are expected to attend the marking ceremony that will be held at the manor next Thursday. Failure to comply will result in immediate death. I shall only say this once. I expect each and every able bodied person to aid with bring me back into my rightful position as ruler of the Wizarding World. Now if there are no questions or concerns then let us continue our festivities."

He said with a smile that made Hermione's heart warm.

Because she was from the royal family she wouldn't be receiving the mark but she was proud when she thought of the last marking ceremony where her cousins and the Malfoys had received their marks.

Just as she was about to continue her conversation with her mother and the other witches, she was surprised to see a large hand in front of her and looked up to meet the eyes of Severus.

"Princess it would be a great honor if you would give me this next dance." He drawled making Hermione smile.

Hermione glanced over at her mother who nodded her consent before Hermione stood gracefully and took his hand with a happy smile.

As he twirled her around the dance floor they made small talk about the goings of her life before he caught her eye and gave her a concerned look.

"Hermione, how are you faring since all of this has happened? It looks like you're adjusted well but I can't help but wonder." He said barely above a whisper making her let out a small sigh.

"Honestly Professor, it has been very overwhelming but I'm very happy to be back where I belong."

Something flashed in Severus's eyes before the song ended and he pulled away with an unreadable expression.

"Indeed." He said ominously before he turned and disappeared into the large crowd of party goers.

A confused expression crossed over her features as her mother shot her a concerned look and began to make her way over to her.

"Are you alright child? You look like what Severus has said has upset you. Shall I let your uncle know about his peculiar behavior?"

Hermione shook her head and kissed her mother's cheek before they rejoined the other witches.

"No it's alright, mother. I'm fine. Severus just said something that left me deep in thought. Is it alright if I take my leave now? I'm awfully tired and require a bit of rest." She said as her mother gave her a look that clearly said she wasn't buying it.

But thankfully she left it alone and gave Hermione a light kiss on her forehead and nodded with a small smile.

"Of course dear. Mariette will escort you to your chambers. I suppose it is getting quite late."

Hermione signaled to Mariette that she was ready to go, but before they left she looked around the room for her fiancé so she could say goodnight; but found he was nowhere to be seen.

Her mother caught her gaze and nodded towards the stairs leading up to her chambers.

"Go on dear. Your father and Mr. Krum are talking privately about some pressing matters. It is best for you to go to bed for the night." She said with a semi stern look making Hermione wonder what matters were so pressing that it kept her fiancé from participating in his own engagement party.

Letting out a huff of annoyance, she gave Mariette a look to which she mouthed "we'll talk later" before they swept out of the room and made their way to her chambers in the upper part of the manor.

"What on earth do you think that was about?" She questioned as she stripped herself out of her gown while Mariette turned on the water for her nightly bubble bath.

"I have no clue but does it really matter?" Mariette said as she glanced up at Hermione before pouring some bath salts into the tub.

"Of course it matters." Hermione said in a more annoyed tone as she slipped into the warm water.

"He missed our engagement part. I barely had two seconds with him tonight. That definitely leaves me in a sour mood about it all." She said as Mariette sat on the side of the tub and gave her a look of disbelief.

"So what? You're engaged to one of the most famous wizards in the entire Wizarding World. Who cares if he wasn't at the party? You're going to be bedding him for the rest of your life. Surely that makes up for it." She said as Hermione turned beet red and shifted uncomfortably amongst the iridescent bubbles.

"Did you have to bring _THAT_ up?" She muttered as Mariette chuckled.

"Still scared about losing it to your extremely handsome husband, hmm? You have nothing to worry about, Mione. I heard from a witch who knew a witch that was bedded by Viktor and she said that he was really gentle despite his cold exterior." She said with a grin making Hermione sink lower into the bubbles wishing her friend hadn't even started on the subject.

It was no secret that Hermione had to remain a virgin until her wedding night.

Everyone had something to about it and all she wanted to do was never think or speak of it again.

It was bad enough that at every girl's night she and her friends had, they all talked in graphic detail about their escapades with various men in the royal court.

Shaking her head she ridded herself of those thoughts before leaning her head back and losing herself to her exhaustion.

It was late. She was tired. And everything could wait until tomorrow.

As she slipped into her bed that night, she drifted off to sleep dreaming of her handsome and very mysterious wizard.

End
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